

Exhibit ‘V’

Sandy,

I saw this today and it reminded me that I need to inform you of my new home address.

It is:

11222 Jadestone Blvd
San Antonio, TX 78249

Rodrigo D Cantu
[On Sunday, September 11, 2011, 9:56 PM, Sandra Guerra <drsandraguerra@yahoo.com> wrote:](#)

Today is the 10th anniversary of the day I figured out what "home" meant. Before that date, I recall home was where I grew up or where my parents lived. A house was the place we purchased and stressed over the mortgage, repairs and furnishings.

But on that morning 10 years, I woke up with Sofia in my arms...breast feeding to be exact...in a hotel in California and found our country was under attack. We didn't know what would happen next or how life would change. And though many persons sat in front of a TV waiting to be told what to do (I remember passing them in the hotel lobby), all I knew to do was act on this deep feeling in my soul...I must get us home.

The desire to get home had nothing to do with where my house was. It had nothing to do with possessions or familiarity with the roads. It had nothing to do with my parents or friends. It had everything to do with getting to you. I knew where ever you were, THAT was home.

And so with a baby and several other people that I somehow became responsible for that day, I set out into a world full of fear and terror to get home. I drove without a map and almost more on instinct. I barely looked around me or have any recollection of my surroundings or time line. I just had to get us home.

Sofia cried and was overall a mess with car sickness and frustration. She knew in her little body that we were on a journey we didn't choose. She still senses stress in me better than anyone else...and she knew I was stressed. She is an old soul who needed a chance to live a great life again.

In that drive, I tried to think of what the future would be like after the attacks, but I couldn't see beyond the

moment I would get us home. That was all that mattered. I had tunnel vision. I knew you were waiting.

And as I drove down our street that afternoon, I saw the American flags and suddenly, all the tears I bottled up for days came rushing out. There had been flags before that road I am sure, but I hadn't noticed them. I hardly could drive the last block. But I knew you were there. I knew it in my heart.

Pictures of home came flooding back to my mind....the time I shocked myself (literally) while painting Sofia's room....the way my mom looked walking the 2 dogs with Sofia in the baby carrier...the laugh your mom and I had when the back porch covering was a bit, um, "slanted" as you and your dad built it....your rash on the new couch....the way I told you I was pregnant....the worry of the abnormal triple screen...

But somehow I drove to our driveway. And there you were. Standing there smiling like you always do. Standing there ready to hug us. I didn't have to go looking for you. The look you had was of relief and I knew you had worried. It is a feeling I will never forget and no one else can every understand.

I don't recall walking in the door or even what happened that night. I just knew we were back together as a family and I have always known what home really means.

Though our lives have changed so much since then, my heart still sees you that way. I don't know where we lost our compass as a family...the compass that drove me across the country to you and into your arms. Please forgive my emotional note, but my heart needed to share this with you today. Life is too short to keep it all inside.

Thank you for being my home 10 years ago. It was worth the beautiful and historic drive of my life.

Sandy